

A NEW
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS,

For the Use of a CONGREGATION of
PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

L I V E R P O O L.

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P S A L M S

F O R

DIVINE WORSHIP.

PSALM I. *To GOD the Creator*

Common Metre.

I.

REAT first of Beings! mighty LORD
 Of all this wond'rous frame!
 Produc'd by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

II.

Thy voice sent forth the high command;
 T'was instantly obey'd:
 And thro' thy goodness all things stand,
 Which by thy pow'r were made.

III.

Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
 Each part reflects thy light:

B

P S A L M S

For thee in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

IV.

For thee the sun disperses heat,
And beams of cheering day :
The distant stars in order set,
By night thy pow'r display.

V.

For thee the earth its produce yields ;
For thee the waters flow :
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

VI.

Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end ;
And all we think, and all we do
Shall to thine honour tend.

P S A L M II.

To GOD the Creator and Lord of all.

Common Metre.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! thy pow'rful word
From nothing all things brought :
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their LORD,
With skill divine were wrought.

II.

By thee preserv'd the world remains
A proof of pow'r divine :
Whatever this great whole contains,
By sov'reign right is thine.

OF PRAISE.

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III.

Sun, moon and stars thy mind fulfil ;
For thee each planet rolls :
Earth, seas, and skies obey thy will ;
Thy power the world controls.

IV.

Thou over all art LORD supreme,
All things from thee derive :
No creature can dispute thy claim,
Or independant live.

V.

To thine all-gracious pow'r we bow,
Our wills to thee resign :
Accept the praise ; accept the vow ;
We wou'd be ever thine.

PSALM III. *To GOD the Creator.*

Common Metre.

I.

LET all the just to GOD with joy,
Their chearful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes,
To sing glad songs of praise.

II.

By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

III.

The swelling floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie ;

PSALMS

And lays as in a store-house safe,
His wat'ry treasures by.

IV.

Let earth and all that dwell therein,
Before him rev'rent stand ;
For when he spake the word, t'was made,
T'was fix'd at his command.

V.

Whate'er the mighty LORD decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

VI.

The riches of thy mercy, LORD,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we for all we want, and wish,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM IV. *To GOD our Creator.*

Long Metre.

I.

SING to the LORD with joyful voice ;
Let every land his name adore ;
The *British* isles shall send the noise
A-cross the ocean to the shore.

II.

Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with cheerful joy ;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create and he destroy.

III.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

IV.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

V.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

VI.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM V. *To GOD our Creator.*

Long Metre.

I.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To GOD their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

II.

Convinc'd that he is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;

We whom he chuses for his own,
The flock whom he vouchsafes to feed.

III.

O enter then his temple gate !
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises blefs.

IV.

For he's the LORD, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endlesfs ages shall endure.

P S A L M VI. *To GOD the Creator.*

Common Metre.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy name !
How glorious to behold ;
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold.

II.

On heav'ns unmeasurable face,
In lines immensely great ;
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Creator GOD is writ.

III.

Tho' reason be not given to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun !
Their maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

OF PRAISE.

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IV.

From land to land, and world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round ;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.

V.

Angels, the eldest sons of light,
Began the lofty song ;
They saw the heavens expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.

VI.

Then man, the last and noblest work,
Of all this nether frame,
With the first vital breath he drew
Confest from whence he came.

VI.

O let us all give praise to GOD,
And magnify his name ;
His gracious and his mighty works
To all the world proclaim.

PSALM VII. *To the Creator.*

Proper Metre.

I.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise :
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

II.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon who rul'st the night,
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light :

His pow'r declare
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly,
In empty air.

III.

The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command :

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
And praise the LORD.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past ;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last :

In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim,
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

V.

Let all the nations fear,
The GOD who rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise;
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM VIII. *To GOD the Creator.*

Proper Tune.

I.

HAIL voice divine! thus the Almighty said,
"Let there be light, now let a world be made."
Light and a world theré were; obedient rise
Sun, planets, stars, earth, seas, and spreading skies.

II.

Obedient to thy will, this teeming earth
To beasts and worms of every kind gave birth:
With flocks, and herds, the plains were richly stor'd,
And herbs and fruits did proper food afford.

III.

And last, to finish what thou had'st design'd,
(Of clay like theirs, but with a nobler mind)
ADAM was made; made sov'reign of the rest,
And with his Maker's form divine imprest.

IV.

Benignity and skill and power divine
In the great whole, and ev'ry part did shine:
Fair in its Maker's eye creation stood,
He view'd it well, and pleas'd, pronounc'd it good.

V.

May all thy works, O LORD, resound thy name,
Applaud thy skill; thy pow'r, and love proclaim:
But above all below let man exert
The noblest passions of his grateful heart.

P S A L M I X.

To GOD the Creator of Mankind.

Common Metre.

I.

GOD of our lives, whose bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move;
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love.

II.

While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay
And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their fashion took,
And e'er our life began;
Within the volume of thy book,
Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands;
Be studious ever to pursue,
Whate'er thy will commands.

PSALM X.

To GOD the Creator of Mankind.

Long Metre.

I.

TWAS from thy hand, my GOD, I came,
A work of such a curious frame:
In me thy various wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skil divine.

II.

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay:
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

III.

By thee my growing parts were nam'd ;
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,))
Was copy'd with unerring art.

IV.

At last to show my Maker's name,
He stamp'd his image on my frame;
And in some unknown minute join'd
The finish'd members to a mind.

V.

There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great GOD, our wond'rous nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

P S A L M XI.

The Wisdom of GOD in the formation of Man.

Common Metre.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,
LORD, 'tis thy work; I own the hand
That built my humble clay.

II.

'Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew:
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

III.

'Thine eye with nicest care survey'd,
The growth of ev'ry part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

IV.

Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire and wind
Declare thy wond'rous skill:
But we review ourselves, and find
Divine wonders still.

V.

Goodness and wisdom round me shine,
My form proclaims thy praise:
And with my tongue my soul shall join
To celebrate thy praise.

PSALM XII.

GOD our Father and Friend.

Proper Tune.

I.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,

His throne is built on high;

The garments he assumes

Are light and majesty:

His glories shine

With beams so bright,

No mortal eye

Can bear the sight.

II.

The thunders of his hand

Keep the wide world in awe;

His truth and justice stand

To guard his holy law:

And where his love

Resolves to bless,

His truth confirms,

And seals the grace.

III.

And will this gracious king

Of glory condescend?

Will he declare himself,

"My father and my friend;"

I love his name,

I love his word;

Join all my pow'rs,

And praise the LORD.

P S A L M XIII.

Confidence in GOD our Father.

Common Metre.

I.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care :
Thou wilt the father and the friend
In ev'ry act appear.

II.

With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply :
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love :
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful heart we trust ;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

V.

We cannot want while GOD provides,
What he allots is best :
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest :

PSALM XIV. *To GOD the Preserver.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
 Their great Creator's love proclaim :
 He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
 And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
 And yeilds her various fruits to men :
 To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
 Receive the gifts of every land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
 Is his paternal goodness shown ;
 The tribes of earth and sea and air
 Enjoy his univerfal care.

IV.

Not ev'n a sparrow yeilds it's breath,
 Till GOD permits the stroke of death :
 He hears the ravens when they call,
 The father, and the friend of all.

PSALM XV. *To GOD our Preserver.*

Common Metre.

I.

CREAT GOD ! to thee, our grateful tongues,
 United thanks shall raise :
 Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,
 Which celebrate thy praise.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand,
 We drew our vital pow'rs :
 Our time revolves at thy command
 In all it's circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever-present guard,
 From ev'ry ill defends :
 While num'rous dangers hover round,
 Our help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 How sweet is our repose :
 The morning light renews the springs,
 From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praise,
 We would employ our breath :
 And walking steadfast in thy ways,
 Will triumph e'en in death.

PSALM XVI.

GOD our Shepherd and Guardian.

Long Metre.

I.

AS the good shepherd gently leads,
 His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amidst the pleasing landscapes flow :

II.

So GOD, the guardian of our souls,
Our wand'ring foot-steps all controls:
When lost in sins perplexing maze,
He leads us back to wisdom's ways.

III.

Tho' we must journey through the plains,
Where death with all it's horror reigns;
Our steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O LORD, art with us there.

IV.

By thee with peace and plenty blest,
Our lives are one perpetual feast:
Thine ever-watchful providence
Is our support and our defence.

V.

O bounteous GOD, our future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And endless love shall be our theme.

PSALM XVII. *GOD our Shepherd.*

Long Metre.

I.

OUR shepherd is the living LORD;
Now shall our wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become our safety and our guide.

II.

In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes us feed, he makes us rest:

D

There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

III.

Our wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores our souls to peace;
And leads us for his mercy's sake
In the fair paths of righteousness.

IV.

Tho' we walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all it's terrors are;
Our heart and hope shall never fail,
For GOD our shepherd's with us there.

V.

Amidst the darkest scenes of grief
Thou art our comfort, thou our stay:
Thy staff affords a kind relief,
Thy rod directs our doubtful way.

VI.

Surely the mercies of the LORD
Attend his children all their days:
Here will we dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM XVIII. *GOD our Shepherd.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE LORD himself, the mighty LORD
Vouchsafes to be our guide:
With more than shepherd's tender care
Our wants are all supply'd,

II.

His goodness leads us to the place
 Where heav'nly pasture grows :
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

III.

Tho' we too often go astray,
 He doth us still restore ;
 And guides us in his own right way ;
 O may we sin no more !

IV.

While thus our GOD affords his aid,
 We cannot yield to fear :
 Tho' we should walk through death's dark shade,
 Our Shepherd's with us there.

PSALM XIX. *To GOD our Preserver.*

Long Metre.

I.

TO heaven my grateful soul ascends,
 On GOD alone for help depends :
 His presence my continual guard ;
 His grace the source of my reward.

II.

The spreading skies by power divine,
 In all their radiant glories shine :
 From his command, the solid earth
 And all it's stores, deriv'd their birth.

III.

Inspected by all-piercing eyes,
No threat'ning snares my soul surprise:
My trembling feet he safely keeps ;
My faithful shepherd never sleeps.

IV.

My soul, thy keeper is the LORD ;
How great his pow'r ! how sure his word !
He spreads a shade on my right hand,
And will a safe retreat command.

V.

Protected by his guardian arm,
Should dreadful scenes our souls alarm ;
Our lives are safe : his heav'ly care
Defends us still from ev'ry snare.

VI.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
By him our mortal lives are blest ;
His favour crowns with endless rest.

P S A L M XX.

Dependance on GOD and hope in his Goodness.

Common Metre.

I.

MY GOD, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth :
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strength'n'd all my youth.

II.

My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r
With all thesee limbs of mine:
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

III.

Still has my life new wonders seen
With each returning year:
Behold my days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

IV.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise:
And round me let thy goodness shine,
When e'er thy servant dies.

V.

Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days;
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM XXI.

GOD our all-sufficient dependance.

As the 113 PSALM.

I.

OHAPPY nation, where the LORD
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne.
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But GOD their maker is unknown.

II.

Let kings rely upon their host;
 And of his strength the champion boast;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely:
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 The speed or courage of a horse,
 To guard his rider, or to fly.

III.

Thy providence, almighty LORD,
 Doth more secure defence afford
 When death, or dangers threat'ning stand:
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,
 When wars, or famine waste the land.

IV.

In sickness, or the bloody field,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield;
 Send us salvation from thy throne:
 We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in help divine;
 O GOD, in thee we hope alone.

P S A L M XXII.

Preservation of Life from GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

L ORD, unto thee we lift our eyes,
 On thee our hopes are laid:
 Thou who didst build the earth and skies,
 Art our sufficient aid:

II.

GOD guides our feet, and guards our way,
 With an almighty arm:
 Preserves us safe, both night and day,
 From all destructive harm.

III.

What tho' thy providence should call
 Where death displays it's pow'r;
 Short of our lives the shafts shall fall,
 Till GOD appoints the hour.

PSALM XXIII.

GOD's Defence our Security.

As the 113th PSALM.

I.

HE who has GOD his guardian made
 Shall under his almighty shade
 Secure and undisturb'd abide:
 This man with joy divine may say,
 He is my fortress and my stay;
 Who always hath my wants supply'd.

II.

For all whose well-plac'd confidence
 Have made the LORD their sure defence,
 May rest upon his promises:
 Either no ill shall them o'er take;
 Or else their very suff'rings make
 Their hearts and lives prepar'd for bliss.

P S A L M XXIV.

GOD the Preserver to be adored.

Common Metre.

I.

THY works of glory, mighty LORD;
Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating ships.

II.

At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring waves:
 The men astonish'd mount the skies,
 And sink in op'ning graves.

III.

Then to the LORD they raise their cries;
 He hears the loud request;
 And orders silence thro' the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.

IV.

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storm allay'd:
 Now to their eyes the port appears,
 There let their vows be paid.

V.

'Tis GOD that brings them safe to land;
 Let thoughtless mortals know,
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow.

VI.

O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the LORD!
 And those who see thy wond'rous ways,
 Thy wond'rous love record.

PSALM XXV.

Preserving Goodness acknowledged.

Common Metre.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O LORD!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care ;
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please ;
 The hoary frozen hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the boist'rous seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
 In all its horrors rise !

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O LORD,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave ;
 I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will :
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

PSALM XXVI.

To the ONE GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

ETERNAL GOD, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown:
The world submits to all thy laws,
Depends entire on thee alone.

II.

Thy gorious being singly stands,
Of all within it self possest:
Control'd by none are thy commands;
And in thy self completely blest.

III.

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth the homage pay:
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

IV.

In thee alone we seek for bliss,
Thou great original of love;
There all our wealth and treasure is;
The world would insufficient prove.

V.

Spread thy great name thro' *Gentile* lands,
Their idol deities dethrone:
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art GOD, alone.

P S A L M XXVII. *GOD Eternal.*

Common Metre.

I.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad:
 And raise up ev'ry tuneful sound,
 To praise the eternal GOD.

II.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime:
 ETERNITY's his dwelling place,
 And EVER is his time.

III.

Whilst like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past;
 He fills his own immortal now,
 And sees our ages waste.

IV.

The seas and skies must perish too,
 And vast destruction come:
 And all things as they older grow,
 Approach their final doom.

V.

But tho' the sea shrink all away,
 And flames melt down the skies ;
 Our GOD shall live in endless day,
 When this creation dies.

PSALM XXVIII.

GOD's eternal Dominion.

Common Metre.

I.

GREAT GOD! how infinite art thou!
Imperfect mortals we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And give their praise to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er earth or heavens were made;
Thou art the ever living GOD,
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time unveiled lie
To thine immense survey;
From the formation of the sky,
To the great final day.

IV.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares:
But thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

V.

Great GOD! how infinite art thou!
Imperfect mortals we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow!
And pay their praise to thee.

P S A L M XXIX.

GOD eternal, and Man mortal.

Common Metre.

I.

O GOD our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

II.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame!
From everlasting thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

III.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return ye sons of men"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again,

IV.

Time like an overflowing stream
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

V.

O GOD our help in ages past,
Our hope for days to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

P S A L M XXX. *GOD Omnipresent.*

Common Metre.

I.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul wou'd try,
To shun thy presence, **LORD**, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

II.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

III.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e're my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

IV.

O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

V.

If wing'd with beams of morning-light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hands, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

VI.

If o'er my sins I think to draw,
The curtains of the night,

Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Wou'd turn the shades to light.

VII.

The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM XXXI. *The All-seeing GOD.*

Long Metre.

I.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours;
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

II.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with GOD.

IV.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the pow'r I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

V.

*O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.*

PAUSE I.

VI.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, LORD, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

VII.

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

VIII.

If mounted on a morning-ray
I fly beyond the *western* sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

IX.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Wou'd kindle darkness into day.

X.

*O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.*

PAUSE II.

XI.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.

XII.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great GOD, they're both alike to thee;
No death can hide what GOD will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

XIII.

*O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.*

PSALM XXXII.

The Power of GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

TWAS GOD who fix'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

II.

From everlasting is his might;
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces thro' the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

III.

He darts along the burning skies,
 Loud thunders round him roar:
 All heaven attends him as he flies,
 All hell proclaims his power.

IV.

He speaks; great nature's wheels stand still,
 And leave their wonted round:
 The mountains melt; each trembling hill
 Forsakes its antient bound.

V.

He scatters nations with his breath;
 The scatter'd nations fly:
 Blue pestilence, and spreading death
 Confess the godhead nigh.

VI.

Ye worlds, and every living thing,
 Fulfil his high command;
 Pay duteous homage to your King
 And own his ruling hand.

P S A L M XXXIII.

The Power of GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

O COME loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty king;
 High let us raise our grateful voice,
 When in JEHOVAH we rejoice.

II.

The LORD, our GOD, inthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom Gods the heathen falsely call.

III.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret stores at his command:
The strength of hills which threat the skies,
Subject to his great empire lies.

IV.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
Who form'd and fix'd the solid land.

V.

In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of all that earth or heaven contains;
Angels and men thee LORD alone,
King, maker, and preserver own.

VI.

Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Possess'd of absolute command:
Yet, LORD, thou dost with justice reign,
And truth and mercy still maintain.

P S A L M XXXIV.

The Majesty and Power of GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

YE sons of men, in sacred lays
Attempt your great Creator's praise;

But O what tongue can speak his fame ;
What mortal verse can reach the theme !

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears :
And boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

III.

To GOD all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

IV.

In all our maker's vast designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines :
His works thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bare the great impress of his name.

V.

Rais'd on devotions lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfections sing ;
O let his praise employ our tongues,
And list'ning worlds approve the songs.

PSALM XXXV.

The Power and Majesty of GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the LORD ;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And listen to his word.

II.

How wonderful thy glories are!
How bright thine armies shine!
Thy pow'r is great beyond compare,
No truth so firm as thine.

III.

The northern pole, and southern rest
On thy supporting hand:
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

IV.

Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

V.

Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How can thine arm in vengeance shine
When mortals dare rebel!

IV.

Justice and judgment are thy throne;
Yet wond'rous is thy grace:
And truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

P S A L M X X X V I .

The Power of GOD in his Works.

Proper Metre.

I.

ARISE my soul, on wings devout arise,
To praise th' almighty sov'reign of the skies ;
In whom alone unspotted glory shines,
Which not the heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.

II.

He spread the firmament from pole to pole ;
And hea'venly light diffus'd throughout the whole :
Of liquid air he bad the columns rise,
Which prop the starry coneave of the skies.

III.

His word in air this pond'rous earth sustain'd,
"Be fixt," he said — and fixt the earth remain'd :
Heav'n, air and sea, tho' all their storms combine,
Shake not its base, nor break the law divine.

IV.

He bade the changing moon adorn the night,
Revolve her circle and increase her light :
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.

V.

Thou from the realms of everlasting day,
See'st all thy works at one immense survey ;
Pleas'd at one view the whole to comprehend,
Part joind to part, concurring to one end.

VI.

Hail sov'reign goodness ! all creating mind !
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find :
How various all, how variously indu'd !
How great their number, and each part how good !

P S A L M XXXVII.

The Greatness and Majesty of G O D.

As the 113 P S A L M.

I.

YE holy souls in G O D rejoice,
 Your maker's praise becomes your voice ;
 Great is your theme, your songs be new ;
 Sing of his name, his works and ways,
 His works of nature and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true !

II.

Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
 His word the heavenly arches spread ;
 Far as they shine from north to south :
 And by the spirit of his mouth,
 Were all the shining armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide flowing feas ;
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
 In the vast store-house of the deep ;
 He spake and gave all nature birth ;
 And fires, and seas, and heaven and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

IV.

Mortals be humble, and adore
 A G O D of such resistless pow'r ;
 Nor dare indulge your feeble rage,
 Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands :
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

G O D ' s universal Dominion.

Short Metre.

I.

THE LORD, the sov'reign king,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

II.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bles ye, the LORD, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their king,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

IV.

While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdoms shew
Their Maker's glory, thou my soul
Shalt sing his praises too.

P S A L M XXXIX.

The eternal and sovereign G O D .

Long Metre.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

G

II.

But e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living GOD.

III.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage a gainst the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

IV.

For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P S A L M X L.

The Majesty and Condescension of GOD.

As the 113th P S A L M.

I.

YE that delight to serve the LORD,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

II.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:

Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal GOD compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

III.

He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings,

PSALM XLI.

GOD the universal Sovereign.

As the 113th PSALM.

I.

LET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless JEHOVAH's name:
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

II.

The heathens know thy glory, LORD;
 The wond'ring nations read thy word,
 In Britain is JEHOVAH known:
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To Gods which mortal hands have made;
 Our Maker is our GOD alone.

III

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

IV.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XLII.

The Wisdom of GOD in his Works.

Common Metre.

I.

SONGS of immortal praise belong,
To our almighty GOD;
He has our heart, and he our tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

II.

How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

III.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!

His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

V.

Nature and time, and earth and skies;
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

VI.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM XLIII.

The Wisdom of GOD in his Works.

As the 113 PSALM.

I.

GREAT GOD, the heav'ns well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

II.

From night to day, from day to night
The dawning and the dying light

Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
 And neither sound or language need.

III.

Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice:
 While he, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Shines round, and makes the earth rejoice.

P S A L M XLIV.

The divine Goodness.

Common Metre.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O our GOD,
 Our rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, we're lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

II.

Thy providence our lives sustain'd,
 And all our wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb we lay,
 Or hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all our weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear;
 E'er yet our feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

IV.

Unnumber'd comforts on our souls
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before our infant hearts conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

V.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps we ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd us safe,
And lead us up to man.

VI.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd our way ;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VII.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou can't read it there.

PAUSE

VIII.

When all thy mercies, oh our GOD,
Our rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, we'er lost
In wonder, love and praise.

IX.

[When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd our face ;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd our souls with grace]

X.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
 Hath made our cup run o'er;
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,
 Hath doubled all our store.

XI.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 Our daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

XII.

Through ev'ry period of our lives,
 Thy goodness we'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

XIII.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 Our ever grateful hearts, O LORD,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

XIV.

Through all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song we'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

P S A L M X L V.

On the divine Goodness.

Common Metre.

I.

LORD thou art good: all nature shows
 Thee full, and free, and kind;
 'Thy bounty thro' creation flows,

Nor can it be confin'd.

II.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims
Thine infinite good will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It spreads thro' all the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide,
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

IV.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Thro' ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But keeps still flowing on.

V.

Still thro' the whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy thro' all the parts;
LORD, may such goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

VI.

High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move;
Employ our tongues in hymns of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

P S A L M X L V I .

The Goodness of GOD unchangeable.

Long Metre.

I.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
E Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear;
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole;
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

IV.

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive hymns of praise:
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

V.

O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs:
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALM XLVII.

The Divine Bounty.

Common Metre.

I.

’T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
GOD of eternal pow’r,
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

II.

The morning light and ev’ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

III.

Seasons, and times, and months and hours,
Heav’n, earth and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show’rs,
The author is divine.

IV.

Those floating cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
With wat’ry treasures well supply,
The furrows of the ground.

V.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
The ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M X L V I I I .

The Goodness of GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O GOD, our heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

II.

GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

III.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait,
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

IV.

How kind are thy compassions, LORD!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To chear the souls he loves.

V.

Creatures with all their endles race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to blefs thy name.

P S A L M X L X I X .

The Goodness of GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

L ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all;
Thy strengthning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

II.

When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

III.

The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

IV.

He know the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

V.

His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear,

P S A L M L.

The Divine Mercy.

Long Metre.

I.

MY soul inspir'd with sacred love,
GOD's holy name for ever blefs,
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks exprefs.

II.

'Tis he who all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee found;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

III.

The LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

IV.

As high as heav'n its arch extends,
Above this little spot of clay;
So much his boundless grace transcends
The best obedience we can pay.

V.

Let ev'ry creature join and blefs
The mighty LORD: and thou my heart,
With grateful joy thy songs exprefs,
And in this confort bear thy part.

PSALM LI. *Divine Mercy.*

Short Metre.

I.

O BLESS the LORD our souls,
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

II.

O bless the LORD my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives our sins;
'Tis he relieves our pain;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses;
And makes us young again.

VI.

He crowns our lives with love;
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeems our souls from death,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

V.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest:
The LORD hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

VI.

His wond'rous works and ways,
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

P S A L M LII. *Divine Mercy.*

Short Metre.

I.

O UR souls, repeat his praise
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

II.

GOD will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

III.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

IV.

His pow'r subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the *east* is from the *west*,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

V.

The pity of the LORD
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

VI.

He knows we are but dust,
 Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;

His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.

VII.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning-flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

VIII.

But thy compassions, LORD,
To endless years endure;
And childrens children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM LIII. *Divine Providence.*

Long Metre.

I.

THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O GOD, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

II.

Thou portion'st with paternal care,
How e'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

III.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

I

IV.

Be this our care —— to all beside
 Indiff'rent let our wishes be :
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fix'd our souls O GOD on thee.

PsALM LIV.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD

Long Metre.

I.

HIGH in the Heav'ns, eternal GOD,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
 Which veils and darkens thy designs.

II.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

III.

Thy providence is kind and large ;
 Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
 The whole creation is thy charge ;
 The good are thy peculiar care.

IV.

O GOD, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

PSALM LV.

Dependence upon Providence.

Long Metre.

I.

[skies,

GREAT LORD of earth, and seas, and
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

II.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry rising want relieves.

III.

The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secur'd from ev'ry harm.

IV.

To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.

V.

We still are indigent and poor,
Indebted much, yet lacking more;
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

VI.

And should thy measures seem severe,
 Calmly may we thy chast'ning bear:
 Without complaint to thee submit,
 Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

P S A L M LVI.

Dependence on Providence.

Long Metre.

I.

O N thee, O GOD! we still depend,
 Our father, and our constant friend;
 All that is good thou can't supply,
 And put all threat'ning evil by.

II.

Should wars on ev'ry side invade,
 We'll shelter seek beneath thy shade;
 We'll trust to thy paternal care,
 Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear.

III.

We'll still refer ourselves to thee,
 And with our lot contented be;
 With one consenting heart and voice,
 Approve our heav'nly father's choice.

IV.

From earth we'll turn our longing eyes,
 To regions far beyond the skies;
 O fit us for that blest abode,
 Where dwells our Saviour and our GOD.

PSALM LVII.

Submission to Providence.

Common Metre.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

II.

The fond delights we here enjoy,
And call our own in vain,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.

III.

'Tis GOD that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace, all our hasty passions then,
Let each impatient sigh,
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
It's praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

PSALM LVIII. *Praise to GOD.*

Short Metre.

I.

ALMIGHTY maker GOD!
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame.

II.

Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays ;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

III.

Our souls would rise and sing,
Our great creator too ;
Fain would our tongue adore our king
And yield the worship due.

IV.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of our days ;
And oft to GOD our souls ascend
In humble acts of praise.

PSALM LIX.

A Song of Praise.

Common Metre.

I.

IN GOD's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;

To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

II.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

III.

All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your maker blest ;
Yet when our voice expires in death,
Our souls shall praise him best.

PSALM LX.

General Act of Praise.

Long Metre.

I.

BE thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

II.

My heart is fix'd ; my tongue shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

III.

High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

IV.

Be thou exalted, O my GOD,
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM. LXI.

Praise to GOD from all Creatures.

Proper Metre.

I.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your maker's fame;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

II.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

III.

Let them adore the LORD,
 And praise his holy name,

By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:

And all shall last,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

IV.

Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that thro' the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales:

Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

V.

By hills and mountains (all
In grateful confort join'd),
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;

By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.

VI.

Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:

In this design
Let youths with maids,

And hoary heads
With children join.

VII.

United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

PSALM LXII. *Praise to GOD.*

Proper Metre.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD, the universal king,
His truth and power and his salvation sing,
Him GOD of Gods, him LORD of Lords pro-
[claim,
Let it be known he ever reigns supreme.

II.

What mighty deeds have by his pow'r been done!
Amazing wonders by his pow'r alone:
He by his wisdom spread abroad the sky,
And hung out all the starry lamps on high.

III.

He bade the seas divide from solid land,
And made the earth above the waters stand:
He form'd the sun to bless the day with light,
The moon to cheer the gloomy face of night.

IV.

He for his people needful food provides,
 Guards all their blessings, all their steps he guides:
 Thro' snares and dangers safely leads them on
 To bliss immortal, and his heavenly throne.

PSALM LXIII. *Universal Praise.*

Short Metre.

I.

LET ev'ry creature join
 To praise th' eternal GOD;
 Ye heavenly hosts begin the strain
 And sound his name abroad.

II.

Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye heav'nly flames,
 Shine to your maker's praise.

III.

He built those worlds above,
 And fixt their wond'rous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours when ye rise,
 Or fall in show'rs or snow,
 Ye thunders rolling round the skies,
 His pow'r and glory shew.

V.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the LORD,

When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above,
His honours be exprest;
But saints who taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE.

VII.

Ye tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

VIII.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

IX.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the LORD.

X.

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

XI.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their maker's pow'r.

XII.

Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty LORD,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,

Let earth adore
His hand divine.

XIII.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

XIV.

Ye kings and judges fear
The LORD, the sov'reign king;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing.

Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state,
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

XV.

Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.

Wide as he reigns
His name be sung,
By ev'ry tongue,
In endless strains,

XVI.

Let all the nations fear
The GOD who rules above;

He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:

While earth and sky,
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM LXIV. *Praise to GOD.*

Long Metre.

I.

O All ye sons of human race,
Rejoice in heaven's eternal king ;
With gladness come before his face,
And Hallelujahs to him sing.

II.

Know that the LORD is GOD supreme,
By whose all-forming hand alone
Was rais'd from dust our mortal frame ;
We are his flock, he doth us own.

III.

Approach with loud thanksgiving songs,
The portals of his courts divine,
Laud him to whom all pow'r belongs,
And to his name your praises join.

IV.

For good and gracious is the LORD,
His flowing mercy knows no end :
The truth of his most sacred word
To endless ages shall extend.

P S A L M L X V .

Praise to GOD from all Creatures.

Common Metre.

I.

THE glories of our maker GOD
 Our joyful tongues shall sing;
 And call the nations to adore
 Their former, and their king.

II.

"Twas his great hand that shap'd our clay,
 And wrought this wond'rous frame:
 But from his own celestial breath
 Our nobler spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal powers to GOD,
 And worship with our tongues:
 We claim some kindred with the skies,
 And join the heavenly songs.

IV.

Let beasts which in the pastures feed,
 Or in the desarts lie;
 Fishes that move within the seas
 And fowls beneath the sky.

V.

Let rocks, and woods, and fires and seas,
 Their various tribute bring;
 And one united homage raise
 To GOD, all nature's king.

VI.

Ye planets to his honour shine,
 As thro' your orbs you run;

Praise him in your eternal course
Around the steady sun.

VII.

The glory of our maker's name,
Thro' all creation flies:
And his unbounded grandeur shines
In worlds beyond the skies.

PSALM LXVI.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

Common Metre.

I.

I Sing th' almighty pow'r of GOD,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

III.

I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye !

L

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

V.

There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

VII.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

P S A L M L X V I I .

Universal Praise to GOD.

Short Metre.

I.

T HY name, almighty LORD,
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M L X V I I I .

Praise to GOD from all Nations.

Common Metre.

I.

W I T H cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise :
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

II.

GOD's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M L X I X .

Praise to GOD from all Nations.

Common Metre.

I.

O All ye nations, praise the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue :
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

II.

His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad :
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful GOD.

P S A L M LXX.

Universal Praise to G O D.

Long Metre.

I.

FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the creator's praise arise :
 Let the redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, LORD ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M LXXI. *Praise to G O D.*

Common Metre.

I.

GREAT is the LORD ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs :
 Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.

II.

Great is the mercy of the LORD,
 He gives his children food ;
 And ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.

III.

His son, the great redeemer, came
 To seal his cov'nant sure :

Holy and rey'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

IV.

They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

LXXII. *Praise to GOD.*

Long Metre.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD; our GOD to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise;
With priuate friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

II.

His works, for greatness tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in their pious search delight.

III.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim:
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

IV.

By precept he has us enjoyn'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind:
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our LORD.

P S A L M LXXIII. *Praise to GOD.*

Common Metre.

I.

THEE I will bless, my GOD and king,
 Thy endless praise proclaim ;
 This tribute daily I will bring,
 And ever bless thy name.

II.

Thou, LORD, beyond compare art great,
 And highly to be prais'd :
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
 To future times extends :
 From age to age thy glorious name
 Successively descends.

IV.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 And wond'rous works express :
 The world with me thy might shall own,
 And thy great pow'r confess.

V.

The praise that to thy love belongs,
 They shall with joy proclaim :
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 Shall be the constant theme.

VI.

The LORD is good ; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies.

His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

VII.

Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,
To all thy works exprest :
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

Praise to GOD for his Providence and Grace.

Long Metre.

I.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

II.

Angels who make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

III.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word :
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

IV.

The GOD of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

V.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand :
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

VI.

Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins :
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M LXXXV.

Praise to the great and good GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

LONG as we live, we'll bless thy name,
O king, O GOD of love :
Our work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

II.

Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great :
We'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

III.

Thy grace shall dwell upon our tongues,
And while our lips rejoice,
The men who hear our sacred songs,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways :
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations found thy praise.

IV.

Thy glorious deeds of antient date
 Shall thro' the world be known :
 Thine arm of pow'r, thy heavenly state
 With public splendor shown.

V.

The world is govern'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love :
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSASM LXXVI.

Universal Praise to GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

MY GOD, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days :
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.

II.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear :
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

M

III.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

IV.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine :
 Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.

V.

Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise :
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M L X X V I I .

All Creatures called upon to praise G O D.

Proper Metre.

I.

O For a hymn of universal praise !
 Its maker's fame let ev'ry creature raise :
 Ye lofty heav'ns begin the solemn sound,
 And let it spread the wide creation round.

II.

Ye angel hosts who near his dazzling seat,
 Wrapt in perpetual transport humbly wait,

You best must know the glories of your king,
In sweetest loftiest strains his wonders sing.

III.

Bless him, thou sun, great ruler of the day,
Before whose splendors thine must fade away:
To him, the honours paid to thee, restore;
And teach mankind thy maker to adore.

IV.

Ye moon and stars, who with more feeble light
Break thro' the shades, and gild the gloom of night,
Far as you can diffuse your feeble rays,
Tell his great name, and propagate his praise.

PAUSE.

V.

Fair light, the first of all created things,
From whom all earthly bliss and beauty springs,
Help the blind world to see their maker shine
In light essential, fairer far than thine.

VI.

Ye dancing spheres that ever tuneful move,
Drawn tow'rs your centers by magnetic love,
Convey his name thro' all the vast expanse,
Whilst to the music of his voice you dance.

VII.

Let awful thunders bellowing in the air,
And blust'ring storms his dreadful praise declare;
Whilst gentler winds with balmy breath proclaim
The gracious GOD, and spread his lovely name.

VIII.

Let mists, and clouds, and meteors all conspire
In this blest work, and help to fill the choir :
Whilst loud his praises foaming billows roar,
And seas resound his name from shore to shore.

PAUSE II.

IX.

Ye fertile plains display your gayest pride,
Ye valleys, to his honour, low subside ;
And at his call, ye mountains, stately rise,
And bear his praises to the neighbouring skies.

X.

Ye trees of ev'ry kind, ye fruitful vines,
Ye spreading oaks, and tall aspiring pines ;
Or bend your heads, or let your juices flow,
To honour him, at whose command you grow.

XI.

To him let ev'ry beast this tribute pay,
He feeds the flocks, he finds the lions prey ;
To celebrate his bounty and his pow'r,
Bleat all ye lambs, and all ye lions roar.

XII.

Ye birds, who thro' the airy regions wing,
Nature's musicians, you his praise must sing :
Ye flies and worms, his various skill display ;
Tho' you can't sing, this homage you may pay.

PAUSE III.

XIII.

When nature's all in tune, shall man refrain,
And have his voice and pow'r to sing in vain ?

O no! let ev'ry rank, and sex, and age,
With all their might in this design engage.

XIV.

Great kings and potentates, ye gods on earth,
And ev'ry man of meaner rank and birth,
Submit yourselves to his imperial sway,
You're bound, and 'tis your honour to obey.

XV.

Let youthful voices swell th' harmonious choir,
Old age their feebler breath in praise expire:
O! let his love each virgin's heart inflame,
And infants learn to lisp his wond'rous name.

XVI.

But above all, ye saints, your breath employ,
To sound his praises, and to tell your joy:
You, the blest objects of his love and choice,
His glories sing with well tun'd heart and voice.

XVII.

Loud as his thunders let his praises sound,
From heav'n to earth, from world to world rebound:
Let art and nature in the song conspire,
And the whole world become one sacred choir.

PSALM LXXVIII.

Let all in Heaven and Earth praise the LORD.

Long Metre.

I.

O Praise the LORD in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows:

Praise him in heav'n where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.

II.

Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf has done:
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

III.

Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the LORD.

PSALM LXXIX.

*The Instructions of Nature and Success of the
Gospel.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE heavens declare thy glory, LORD,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

II.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess:
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

III.

Sun moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand:

So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth hath run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

P S A L M LXXX.

View of the Heavenly Bodies.

Long Metre.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
'Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of one almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand which made us is divine.

PSALM LXXXI. *View of Nature,*

Common Metre.

I.

HAIL King supreme! all wise and good,
To thee our thoughts we raise;
While nature's beauties wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;
Oft as we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night:
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill the dewy lawn
 With thousand beauties shine;
 The silent grove, and awful shade
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree, a constant hymn
 Employs the feather'd throng;
 To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
 And chaunt their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's GOD! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works instructive page.

PSALM LXXXII.

View of the Divine Works.

Common Metre.

I.

LOOK round, O man! survey this globe,
 Speak of creating pow'r;
 See, nature gives a different robe
 To ev'ry herb and flow'r!

II.

See, various beings fill the air,
 And people earth and sea;
 What greatful changes form the year,
 How constant night and day!

III.

Next raise thine eye, the vast expanse
 A pow'r unbounded shews;
 See round the sun the planets dance,
 And various worlds compose.

IV.

Then turn into thy self, O man!
 With wonder view thy soul!
 Confess his pow'r that laid each plan,
 And still directs the whole.

V.

And let obedience to his laws
 Thy gratitude proclaim,
 To him the first almighty cause,
 JEHOVAH is his name.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

Thou openest thy Hand, they are filled with Good.

Long Metre.

I.

V AST are thy works, almighty LORD,
 All nature rests upon thy word;
 And the whole race of creatures stands,
 Waiting their portion from thy hands.

II.

While each receives his diff'rent food,
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good,
 Eagles, and bears, and whales and worms
 Rejoice and praise in different forms.

III.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both men and beasts their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

IV.

Yet thou can't breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

V.

Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honoured with thy own delight:
How awful are thy glorious ways!
With rev'rence will we sing thy praise.

VI.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke:
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

VII.

In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall our breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

PSALM LXXXIV.

View of the Heavens, and Mankind.

Short Metre.

I.

OLORD our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;

Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

II.

When to thy works on high,
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon compleat in light
Adorn the darksome skies :

III.

When I survey the stars
In all their shining forms,
LORD what is man ! of mortal race,
Akin to dust and worms ?

IV.

O LORD our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine,
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And thro' the heav'ns they shine.

P S A L M LXXXV.

GOD known by his Works.

Long Metre.

I.

GREAT is our GOD, his works of might
To praise his glorious name unite :
Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand,
And wait obedient his command.

II.

Thy hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which thy vast creation rolls ;

The starry skies proclaim thy power,
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flower.

III.

In various shapes and colours rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes;
And beasts and birds with labouring throat,
Teach us a GOD in every note.

IV.

A cross the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a GOD.

V.

O may the sons of men record
The various goodness of the LORD,
How vast his works, how kind his ways,
And ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Works of Creation and Providence.

Common Metre

I.

R EJOICE ye righteous in the LORD,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true.

II.

His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.

III.

His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'ly arches spread;
 And by the spirit of the LORD
 Their shining hosts were made.

IV

He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

V.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth
 With fear before him stand;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

VI.

Thy glorious works our thoughts engage
 How vast thy pow'r divine!
 Thy counsels stand thro' ev'ry age,
 And in full glory shine.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOD the Lord of Nature.

Long Metre.

I.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The LORD, who o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

II.

How surely establish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see';
For thou O LORD, and thou alone,
Art GOD from all eternity.

III.

The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But GOD above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

IV.

Thy promise, LORD, is ever sure,
And they who in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

THANKSGIVING.

Common Metre.

I.

GIVE thanks to GOD, the sov'reign LORD,
His mercies still endure;
And be the king of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.

II.

What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand;
Heav'n, earth, and sea he fram'd alone,
How wide is his command.

III.

'The sun supplies the day with light,
How bright his counsels shine!

The moon and stars adorn the night,
His works are all divine.

IV.

He saw the nations dead in sin;

He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!

How boundless was his love.

V.

He sent to save us from our woe,

His goodness never fails;

From sin and death, and ev'ry foe;

And still his grace prevails.

VI.

Give thanks to GOD our heav'nly king,

His mercies still endure;

Let the whole earth his praises sing,

His truth is ever sure.

PSALM LXXXIX.

Thanksgiving.

As the 148th PSALM.

I.

GIVE thanks to GOD most high,
The universal LORD,
The sov'reign king of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise,

II.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.

Thy mercy, LORD,
Will still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

III.

His wisdom fram'd the sun
To bless the day with light;
The moon and shining stars
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

IV.

He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

V.

He sent his only son
To save us from our woe,

O

From folly, vice, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

VI.

Give thanks to GOD alone,
To GOD, our heav'nly king,
And let the spacious earth
His boundless goodness sing.

Thy goodness LORD
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P S A L M X C.

Thanksgiving.

Long Metre.

I.

GIVE to our GOD immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

II.

Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

OF THANKSGIVING. 99

III.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

IV.

He fills the sun with morning light;
And bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

V.

He sent his son with pow'r to save,
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

VI.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

VII.

Give to our GOD immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

PSALM XCI.

Thanksgiving.

As the 148th PSALM.

I.

TO GOD the mighty LORD,
 Your joyful thanks repeat,
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great :
 For GOD does prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

II.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay :
 For GOD does prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

III.

By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;
 The heav'ns by his command
 Were to perfection brought :
 For GOD does prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

OF THANKSGIVING. 101

IV.

He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand:

For GOD does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

V.

Thro' heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:

For GOD does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

VI.

[He in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought]

For GOD does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

VII.

He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To GOD who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:

For GOD does prove
Our constant friend; His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM XCII.

*Thanksgiving, for the Knowledge of GOD,
and for Providence.*

Common Metre

I.

LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood and stone;
But our delightful lot is cast
Where thou, O GOD, art known.

II.

Thy hand provides our constant food,
And fills our daily cup:
Much are we pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

III.

Our souls would all their thoughts approve,
To thine all-seeing eye,
Nor death, nor hell our hopes shall move,
While GOD our friend is nigh.

PSALM XCIII.

Thanksgiving, for temporal Blessings.

Long Metre.

I.

WE bless the LORD, the just the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;

Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

II.

He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground :
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

III.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to GOD belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

PSALM XCIV.

Thanksgiving.

Common Metre.

I.

SING to the LORD *Yehovah's* name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

II.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.

III.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

IV.

Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

V.

Come and with humble souls adore,
 Come kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his pow'r
 Be children of his grace!

P S A L M X C V.

Thanks to G O D for Preservation.

Common Metre.

I.

TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid:
 The LORD that built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.

II.

Their feet shall never slide to fall,
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call;
 His eyes can never sleep.

III.

He will sustain our weakest pow'r's
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprizing harm.

IV.

Isr'el rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the LORD;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard.

V.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have its leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

VI.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come:
 Go and return secure from death,
 'Till GOD commands thee home.

PSALM XCVI.

Thanks to GOD our Preserver.

As the 148th PSALM.

I.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From GOD is all my aid;
 The GOD who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:

GOD is the tow'r
 To which I fly;
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.

II.

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since GOD my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall *Isr'el* keep,
When dangers rise.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If GOD be with me there:

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my LORD
To keep my mortal breath;

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die.
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM XCVII.

Thanks for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

Long Metre.

I.

GIVE thanks to GOD; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name, his love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

II.

He feeds and cloaths us ev'ry day,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

III.

O let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the LORD!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM XCVIII.

GOD's tender Mercy to his People.

Long Metre.

I.

BLESS thou the LORD, my soul; his name
Let all the pow'rs within me blefs;
O let not his past favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,

II.

'Tis he who pardons all thy sins;
 He who in sickness makes thee found;
 'Tis he redeems thee from the grave;
 And still thy life with love is crown'd.

III.

Abundant mercies flow from GOD;
 Love is his nature and delight:
 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
 His ways are just, his judgments right.

IV.

As heaven is far above the earth,
 So his rewards exceed our love;
 Farther than east is from the west,
 His pardon does our sins remove.

PSALM XCIX.

Give thanks to GOD always in all things.

Long Metre.

I.

GREAT GOD my joyful thanks to thee
 Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,
 Nor end, nor intermission knows.

II.

Thy kindness all my comforts gives,
 My num'rous wants thine hand relieves:
 Nor can I ever, LORD, be poor,
 Who live on thine exhaustless store

III.

If, what I wish, thy will denies,
'Tis because thou art good and wise:
Afflictions, which may make me mourn,
Thou can'st, thou do'st to blessings turn.

IV.

Deep, LORD, upon my thankful breast,
Let all thy favours be imprest;
That I may never more forget
The sum, or any single debt.

V.

May I with grateful heart, each day,
For daily gifts, my praises pay;
Delighted may I always be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

PSALM C.

Thanksgiving.

Long Metre.

I.

O Render thanks to GOD above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

II.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray :
 Who know what's right ; not only so,
 But likewise practice what they know.

IV.

O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity ;
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

P S A L M C I.

Thanks for the Goodness of GOD to Mankind.

Common Metre.

I.

O LORD, thy bounty flows above,
 Where all the blest reside ;
 By thee, the spring and life of love,
 With constant bliss supplied.

II.

Nor can the heavens extensive bound
 Thy goodness, LORD, confine :
 In all thy worlds thy grace is found ;
 Earth shares in love divine.

III.

But above all thy works below
 Thy creature man is blest ;
 He stands, thy great good will to shew,
 Distinguish'd from the rest.

OR THANKSGIVING.

III

IV.

With comely form his body's grac'd,
Tho' for a shell design'd :
But, LORD, how much is this surpass'd
By his indwelling mind ?

V.

There have his nobler pow'r's their seat,
Which fit him to be blest ;
To find in GOD a fund complete
Of happiness and rest.

VI.

Surprizing love and goodness! LORD,
That claim our highest praise ;
For ever let it be ador'd,
And holy wonder raise.

PSALM CII.

The Bounty of GOD in the Seasons of the Year.

Proper Tune.

I.

LET thanks to thee, all-sov'reign pow'r arise,
Who fix'd the mountains and who spread the skies ;
From the glad climes whence morn in beauty dreft,
Forth goes, rejoicing, to the farthest west.

II.

On thee alone our whole dependance lies,
And thy rich mercy ev'ry want supplies :
O thou great author of th' extended whole!
Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll.

III.

By thee, spring, summer, autumn, winter rise,
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies :
 By thy command the soft'ning show'r distils,
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills.

IV.

Then fav'ring sun-shine o'er the clime extends,
 And blest by thee the verdant blade ascends ;
 Next spring's gay products cloath the flow'ry hills,
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills.

V.

Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year :
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
 And nature's face proclaims her maker's praise.

P S A L M C III.

Thanks to GOD for his innumerable Mercies.

Common Metre

I.

L ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprize ;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

II.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill ;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

III.

These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CIV.

The Blessings of Spring.

Common Metre.

I.

GOOD is the LORD the heay'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grafs appear.

II.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To chear the thirsty land.

III.

The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'lers sing.

IV.

The little hills, on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

Q

V.

The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

VI.

The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways?
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

P S A L M C V.

HOSANNAH *to* JESUS CHRIST, *the*
SAVIOUR.

Common Metre.

I.

HARK the glad sound, the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

II.

On him the spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its sacred fire:
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

III.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yeild.

IV.

He came from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

V.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace,
T'inxrich the humble poor.

VI.

Our glad *Hosannahs*, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PSALM CVI.

*Thanks to GOD for Christ, and the holy
Scriptures.*

Long Metre.

I.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

II.

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

O render thanks to GOD above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love :
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

P S A L M C V I I .

*Thanks to GOD for JESUS CHRIST and
the Blessings of his Gospel.*

Common Metre.

I.

SING to the LORD, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

II.

Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
GOD's own almighty son ;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

III.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

IV.

Let an unusual joy surprize
 The islands of the sea :
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the LORD his way.

V.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their GOD ;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

PSALM CVIII.

Praise for the Gospel.

Common Metre.

I.

TO our almighty maker, GOD,
 New honours be addrest ;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.

II.

He spake the word to *Abr'am* first,
 His truth fulfils the grace ;
 The *gentiles* make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.

III.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all their diff'rent tongues ;
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM CIX.

Thanksgiving for the Blessings of the Messiah's Kingdom.

Common Metre.

I.

JOY to the world; the LORD is come;
Let earth receive her king:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

II.

Joy to the earth, the SAVIOUR reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

III.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

IV.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

P S A L M C X.

The Way, and End of the righteous, and wicked.

Common Metre

I.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor fits
Where men profanely talk !

II.

But makes the perfect law of GOD
His bus'ness and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

III.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend ;
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

IV.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

V.

Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

VI.

For GOD approves the just man's ways ;
 To happiness they tend :
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM CXL.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

Common Metre.

I.

GOD of my mercies and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song ;
 Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.

II.

When in the form of mortal man
 Thy son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.

III.

Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd ;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

IV.

Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He pray'd for murd'lers on his cross,
 And blest his foes in death.

V.

LORD, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes ?

Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.

VI.

The LORD shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M C X I I .

The blessed Man.

Proper Tune.

I.

BEST is the man who fears the LORD,
And walks with pleasure in his ways,
Who trembles at his holy word,
Yet gladly his command obeys :
His house with blessings shall abound,
His seed be mighty and renown'd.

II.

A gen'rous pity warms his heart ;
His kindness widely he extends ;
The poor in all his wealth have part,
To some he gives, to other lends :
Yet what his bounty wastes, repairs
By wisely ord'ring his affairs.

III.

Nor is that lost which he bestows
With lib'ral heart to help the poor ;
His hand a future harvest sows,
And scatters to augment his store ;

R

His bounty shall himself survive,
And blessings on his heirs derive.

IV.

When times with dismal face appear,
With frightful clouds, and gloom o'er spread,
His heart shall entertain no fear,
Above the gloom he'll lift his head :
His faith shall bear his courage up,
And GOD approves and crowns his hope.

V.

Some friendly beams of cheering light,
Will thro' the darkness make their way ;
And in affliction's darkest night,
Their greatest lustre saints display :
That heart ill tidings can't surprize
Which with firm trust on GOD relies.

PSALM CXIII.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

Proper Tune.

I.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

II.

His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;

A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind.

III.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd:
 The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.

IV.

Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
 His conscience holds his courage up:
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night;
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PSALM CXIV.

Liberality rewarded.

Common Metre.

I.

HAPPY is he who fears the LORD,
 And follows his commands;
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

II.

As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need;

So GOD shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

III.

No evil tidings shall surprize
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to GOD, his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

IV.

In times of general distres
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

V.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the LORD;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXV.

Brotherly Love.

Long Metre.

I.

O GOD, my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I have or hope, the spring;
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

II.

May I from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts or gives my neighbour pain;

And ev'ry secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness,

III.

Still may I feel my heart incjin'd,
To act the friend to all my kind ;
Still wish them safety, health and ease,
Wealth, fame, eternal life and peace.

IV.

With mercy let my breath o'erflow,
When I behold a wretch in woe ;
And in his sorrows bear a part
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.

V.

But when my neighbour's prosp'rous state,
Shall pleasure in himself create ;
Let me too in his triumph join,
Nor once at his success repine.

VI.

With hearty and with forward zeal,
May I promote my brother's weal ;
Be pleas'd to please, and give content,
His griefs to ease, or to prevent,

VII.

And shou'd my neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish spite with love ;
Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,
But apt and ready to forgive.

VIII.

Let love in all my conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine :
Thus I thy follower wou'd prove
Father of men, great GOD of love.

PSALM CXVI.

A good Conscience, and Submission to GOD.

Long Metre.

I.

WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul;
Be ours that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last:

II.

That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root:
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

III.

Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfills:
And shall we murmur at our GOD,
When sov'reign love directs the rod?

IV.

Though heav'n afflicts, we'll not repine;
We still have peace and joys divine:
Joys which will over death prevail,
And brighten up its gloomy vale.

PSALM CXVII.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

Long Metre.

I.

LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Whose hands are pure, whose hearts are clean:

Should tempests shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

II.

The day glides sweetly o'er their head,
Made up of innocence and love :
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away :
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ?
And pleasing hopes, and chearful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

V.

They scorn to pine for golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In musing o'er diviner joys,
Which heaven prepares for their delight.

P S A L M C X V I I I .

The Pleasures of domestic Friendship.

Short Metre.

I.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.

III.

Thus when on *Aaron's* head
 They pour'd the rich perfume,
 The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.

IV.

Thus on the heav'ly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning-dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

PSALM CXIX.

Common Metre.

Humility and Submission.

I.

IS there ambition in my heart ?
 Search, gracious GOD, and see ;
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 LORD, I appeal to thee.

II.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

III.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward:
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful LORD.

P S A L M C X X.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

Common Metre.

I.

THUS saith the LORD, "the spacious fields,
 " And flocks and herds are mine ;
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills
 " I claim a right divine.

II.

" I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 " Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 " To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 " Is all that I require.

III.

" Call upon me when trouble's near,
 " My hand shall set thee free;
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " The honour due to me.

IV.

" The man who offers humble praise,
 " He glorifies me best;
 " And those who tread my holy ways
 " Shall my salvation taste.

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PSALM CXXI.

The Happiness of a virtuous Life.

Common Metre.

I.

HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of GOD's commandments stray!

II.

How bless'd! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!

III.

Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

IV.

Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, LORD,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

V.

O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

VI.

Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free;
 Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

P S A L M C X X I I I.

Going to Church.

Proper Tune,

I.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our GOD to-day;
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear,
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

III.

May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
 The man who seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

IV.

My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house !
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious GOD
 Makes thee his best abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM CXXIII.

Instruction from Scripture.

Common Metre.

I.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

II.

When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to GOD.

III.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
 That guides us all the day ;
 And thro' the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

IV.

The men who keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,

Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

V.

Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my GOD.

VI.

[The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.

VII.

But still thy law and gospel, LORD,
Have lessons more divine :
Nor earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

VIII.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth ;
And well support our age.

PSALM CXXIV.

The Character and Hope of the good Man.

Common Metre.

I.

LORD, who's the happy man who may
To thy blest courts repair ;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?

II.

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous tongue despairs to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

III.

Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

IV.

Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'rs,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.

V.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And tho' he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

VI.

Whose soul in sinful ways despairs
 His treasure to employ;
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy.

VII.

The man, who by this steady course
 Has happiness insur'd :
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By providence secur'd.

PSALM CXXV.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

Short Metre.

I.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

II.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

III.

How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise LORD,
And men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious GOD how plain,
Are thy directions giv'n;
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

V.

While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

PSALM CXXVI.

The Excellency of the Scriptures.

AS THE 113 PSALM.

I.

I Love the volumes of thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distrest!
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

II.

From the discov'ries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw,
 These are my study and delight:
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

III.

Thy threat'nings wake my flumb'ring eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, LORD,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

IV.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My GOD, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain:
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain;

P S A L M CXXVII.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

Long Metre.

I.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
HO LORD of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

II.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for **GOD** :
My **GOD** ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?

III.

Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty :
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

IV.

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

V.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion's* gate :
GOD is their strength ; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, **GOD**.

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VI.

Chearful they walk with growing strength,
 'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
 'Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Sincerity in Divine Worship.

Common Metre.

I.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind:
 In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth before his throne,
 With honour can appear:
 The formal hypocrites are known,
 Thro' the disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground:
 But GOD abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.

IV.

LORD search our thoughts, and try our ways,
 And make our souls sincere:
 Then shall we stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

P S A L M C X X I X.

The Life and Death of good Men.

Common Metre.

I.

MY GOD, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they shou'd fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.

II.

The LORD delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Or leave the man he loves.

III.

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home :
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

IV.

Mark well the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M C X X X.

The Justice and Goodness of GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

THY justice, LORD, maintains its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away ;

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Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

II.

Safety to men thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast :
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.

III.

From thee, when short-liv'd joys run low,
And mortal comforts die ;
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

IV.

Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes ;
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM CXXXI.

The Character and Reward of the good Man.

Long Metre.

I.

THIS spacious earth is all the LORD's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds ;
He rais'd it high above the seas,
And form'd it for their dwelling place.

II.

But there's a brighter world on high,
The heav'ly seats above the sky :
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker GOD ?

III.

He who abhors, and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure; whose hands are clean :
 Him will the **LORD** delight to bless,
 And cloath with robes of righteousness.

IV.

These are the men, the pious race,
 Who seek their heav'nly fathers face ;
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

P S A L M CXXXII.

The Seasons of the Year.

Common Metre.

I.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
 Address the **LORD** on high ;
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

II.

He sends his show'rs of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below :
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry :
 But man who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.

IV.

His steady counsels change the face,
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

V.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his GOD defy
Shall find his courage fail.

VII.

He fends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

VIII.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

PSALM CXXXIII.

The Citizen of Zion.

Common Metre.

I.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O GOD of holiness?

Whom will the LORD admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

II.

The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with right'ous hands;
Who trusts his maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

III.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

IV.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the LORD;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

V.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with GOD on earth,
And find his heav'n secure,

PSALM CXXXIV.

Seeking after GOD.

Short Metre.

I.

MY GOD, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

II.

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford :
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the **LORD**.

III.

To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not all the dainties of a feast,
Such food or pleasure give.

IV.

In wakeful hours of night,
I call my **GOD** to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

V.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

VI.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM CXXXV.

*For Blessing of **GOD** on the Business and
Comforts of Life.*

Long Metre.

I.

I F **GOD** succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost,

If GOD the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

II.

What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done ;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun the poverty you dread :

III.

'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet give us rest :
Children and friends are blessings too,
If GOD our sov'reign make them so.

IV.

Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love !

PSALM CXXXVI.

Breathing after Holiness.

Common Metre.

I.

O That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my GOD would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

II.

O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !

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Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

III.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

IV.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.

V.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my GOD.

PSALM CXXXVII.

The true Way to please GOD.

Common Metre.

I.

WHEREWITH shall I approach the LORD,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

II.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?

Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my GOD my friend?

III.

Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favours buy?
Or oil that should, for holy fire,
Ten thousand streams supply?

IV.

With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I mine offspring slay:
Would this atone for ill-desert,
And purge my guilt away?

V.

Oh! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,
Such victims bleed in vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall,
Such favours can obtain.

VI.

To men their *rights*, I must allow,
And proofs of *kindness* give:
To GOD with *humble rev'rence* bow,
And to his glory live.

VII.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise:
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

*Heavenly Joy on Earth, and Prospect of
Immortality.*

Short Metre.

I.

COME, we who love the **LORD**,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

II.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

III.

The **GOD** who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :

IV.

This awful **GOD** is ours,
Our father, and our love,
He shall send down his heay'nly pow'r
To carry us above

V.

Then shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

PSALMS.

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VI.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

VII.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

VIII.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's*, ground
To fairer worlds on high.

PSALM CXXXXIX.

Men called upon to worship GOD.

Short Metre.

I.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign GOD,
The universal King.

II.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

III.

Come, worship at his throne,
 Come bow before the LORD;
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.

IV.

To day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious GOD.

PSALM CXL.

Blessed are the Dead, who die in the LORD.

Common Metre.

I.

HARK! from on high a chearing voice,
 Lend all a list'ning ear:
 'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
 And vanquish ev'ry fear,

II.

“Write hence forth, blessed are the dead
 “Who in the LORD shall die:
 “Their weary flesh, as on a bed,
 “Soft in a grave shall lie.

III.

“Whilst their glad souls, at last releas'd,
 “To heav'n shall take their flight!
 “There to enjoy eternal rest,
 “And infinite delight.

IV.

“ They'll drop each load as they ascend,
 “ And bid farewell to woe:
 “ Their labours with their lives shall end,
 “ Their rest no period know.

V.

“ They'll drudge no more for daily bread,
 “ No more of sin complain;
 “ No more be pinch'd with any need,
 “ Nor griev'd with any pain.

VI.

“ Their conflicts then with busy foes,
 “ For evermore shall cease:
 “ None shall their pleasing work oppose,
 “ Or once disturb their peace.

VII.

“ But vast rewards shall recompence
 “ Their hearty service here:
 “ And perfect love shall banish thence,
 “ All diffidence and fear.

PSALM CXLI.

New Year's Day.

Common Metre.

I.

AND now, my soul, another year,
 Of my short life is past:
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

II.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again :
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

III.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn :
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?
And what thy chief concern ?

IV.

Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out therewith for heav'n :
Repent of all thy former sins,
Reform, and be forgiv'n.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to GOD,
And to his care commend :
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

PSALM CXLII.

The LORD is our Shepherd.

AS THE 113RD PSALM.

I.

THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors over-spread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM CXLIII.

The LORD's Prayer imitated.

Common Metre.

I.

FATHER of all! eternal Mind!
 Immensely good and great!
 Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,
 Approach thy heav'nly seat.

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II.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !

We join the solemn praise :

To thy great name, with heart and tongue,

Our cheerful homage raise.

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign

Let ev'ry being own :

And in our minds, thy work divine,

Erect thy gracious throne.

IV.

As angels round thy seat above,

Thy blest commands fulfil ;

So may thy creatures here below

Perform thy heav'nly will.

V.

On thee we day by day depend,

Our daily wants supply :

And feed with truth and virtue pure,

Our souls which never die.

VI.

Extend thy grace to every fault,

Oh ! let thy love forgive :

Teach us divine forgiveness too,

Nor let resentments live.

VII.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,

Permit us not to tread :

Avert the threat'ning evil near,

From our unguarded head.

VIII.

Thy sacred name we thus adore,
With joyful humble mind :
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd.

P S A L M CXLIV.

For Christmas Day.

Proper Tune,

I.

A RISE, and hail the happy day;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things:
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

II.

If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs ;
Much more shou'd we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom the grace belongs.

III.

How wonderful! how vast his love!
Who left the shining realms above,
Those happy seats of rest!
How much for human-kind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be express'd.

IV.

Whilst we adore his boundless grace,
And holy joy and thanks take place
 Of sorrow, grief, and pain;
Give glory to our GOD most high,
And not amongst the gen'ral joy,
 Forget good will to men.

V.

O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
 And hymn the happy day;
When *Satan's* empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the pow'rs of death and hell,
 Before his sov'reign sway.

PSALM CXLV.

A public national Thanksgiving.

As the 113 PSALM.

I.

SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
 As dwells in BRITAIN's favour'd isle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
 And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

II.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That comes from ev'ry foreign shore;
 Science and art their charms display;

Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

III.

When FRANCE, from pride and envy, plann'd
The ruin of our blissful land,
Here vict'ry arm'd her chosen race;
Go forth, my valiant sons, she said,
Go strike the haughty GAUL with dread,
And triumph in his deep disgrace.

IV.

These are thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchless blessings spring:
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shews,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

V.

From thee, the zeal and spirit came,
That did our patriot chiefs inflame;
Their skill, their courage, all are thine:
Our daring troops with glory crown'd,
Tell to the wond'ring nations round,
The hand that leads us is divine.

VI.

With grateful hearts, with gladsome tongues,
To GOD we raise triumphant songs;
His pow'r, his mercy, we proclaim:
At length, ye faithless tyrants, own
JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his throne,
And tremble at his awful name.

VII.

Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or man behold the circling sun,
 O still may GOD in BRITAIN reign!
 Still crown her armies with success,
 With peace and joy her borders bleſs,
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

PSALM CXLVI.

A Morning Psalm.

Common Metre.

I.

ON thee, each morning, O my GOD,
 My waking thoughts attend;
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 And all my wishes end.

II.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 His boundless love surveys;
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares,
 Her sacrifice of praise.

III.

He leads me thro' the maze of sleep,
 He brings me safe to light;
 And, with the same paternal care,
 Conducts my steps till night.

IV.

When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
 With his protection bleſs,
 In peace and safety I commit,
 My weary'd limbs to rest.

V.

My spirit, in his hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The LORD is with me still.

VI.

I'll daily to th' astonish'd world,
His wond'rous acts proclaim ;
While all with me shall praises sing,
With me shall bless his name.

VII.

At morn, and noon, and night I'll still
The growing work pursue ;
And him alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise, is due.

P S A L M . C X L V I I .

An Evening Psalm.

Common Metre.

I.

INDULGENT GOD, whose bount'ous care
O'er all thy works is shewn !
Oh ! let my grateful pray'r and praise
Ascend before thy throne.

II.

What mercies has this day bestow'd,
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With chearfulness my breast.

III.

Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;

And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

IV.

So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
O ! let my spirit soar.

PSALM CXLVIII.

The Pleasures of Divine Worship.

Proper Tune.

modw of I. w. H. w. and b. A.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are :
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my GOD.

II.

The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest ;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

PSALMS.

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III.

O happy souls that pray,
Where GOD appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

IV.

They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears :

O glorious seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

PAUSE.

V.

To spend one sacred day
Where GOD and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :

Where GOD resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

VI.

GOD is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;



With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence;

He shall bestow

On Jacob's race

Peculiar grace

And glory too.

VII.

The LORD his people loves;

His hand no good with-holds

From those his heart approves,

From pure and pious souls:

Thrice happy he,

O GOD of hosts,

Whose spirit trusts

Alone in thee.

PSALM CXLIX.

Universal Prayer.

Common Metre.

I.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

II.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

III.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;

For GOD is paid when man receiyes,
T' enjoy is to obey.

IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

VI.

If I am right, O teach my heart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart
To find that better way.

VII.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At ought thy wisdom has denied,
Or ought thy goodness lent.

VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe ;
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

IX.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath :
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

X.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best beflow'd or not;
 And let thy will be done,

XI.

To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise!
 All nature's incense rise.

PSALM CL.

Universal Praise.

Proper Tune.

I.

O Azure vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
 With what contempt you look on things below.

II.

O light! the fairest, first of things,
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
 Praise the almighty ruler of the globe,
 Who useth thee for his imperial robe.

III.

Thou radiant sun! whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day:
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

IV.

Ye moon and planets! who dispence
 By GOD's command, your influence;

Vast ever-moving orbs; exalt his name
Who gave its being to each glorious frame.

V.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who thro' the concave blow
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds, and tempests, praise th' almighty LORD.

VI.

Mountains, who to your maker's view
Are less than mole-hills seem to you,
Praise him, who did all forms from chaos draw,
Him whose command is universal law.

VII.

Praise him ye monsters of the deep
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep!
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

VIII.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom their various blessings spring,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known
On earth, his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

THE END.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 4. line 20. read *sacred joy*. P. 12. 1.
16. read *diviner*. P. 30. 1. 3. read *stormy*.
P. 37. 1. 14. read *bear*. P. 54. last 1. read *concert*.
P. 68. Those verses of the 63d. Psalm after
the first Pause, should have been printed as a sepa-
rate Psalm, or entirely omitted; as they are a dif-
ferent Metre from the first part, and some of them
were used before. P. 77. 1. 14. for *their* read *the*.
P. 105. for *its* read *his*. P. 107. 1. 2. read, *his
name is love*. P. 125. 1. 7. for *breath*, read *breast*.

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